

## Icy Hands and Warm Hearts

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## Icy Hands and Warm Hearts

by [scout \(scout\\_eki\)](#)

### Summary

There's a lot of reasons Techno loved hockey.

He loved the frigid air hitting his face as he glided down the ice, loved the feeling of satisfaction every time he scored, loved the adrenalin rush he gets when chasing the puck down. He loves the game more than he loves a lot of things, since it is the reason he's been so successful in college, but he also loves his team. He loves the skill each and every one of them has, loves the chemistry the whole team has, loves the individual relationships formed that made the lines stronger, made the defensive pairs almost unbeatable and the offensive lines unmatched.

What he doesn't love is his teammates' obsession with figure skaters.

That is, until he meets Dream, who causes him to promptly forget any past aversion he had to simping for figure skaters.

Or: Dream is a figure skater and Techno, the King of the Simps, plays hockey

## Notes

i am so tired so sorry if this is incomprehensible

back of my pretty dream with a harem bullshit, are you guys tired of me yet

this is lov3wh1t3r0s3's idea

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There's a lot of reasons Techno loved hockey.

He loved the frigid air hitting his face as he glided down the ice, loved the feeling of satisfaction every time he scored, loved the adrenalin rush he gets when chasing the puck down. He loves the game more than he loves a lot of things, since it *is* the reason he's been so successful in college, but he also loves his team. He loves the skill each and every one of them has, loves the chemistry the whole team has, loves the individual relationships formed that made the lines stronger, made the defensive pairs almost unbeatable and the offensive lines unmatched.

What he doesn't love is his teammates' obsession with figure skaters.

Their practices got done right before the figure skating practices started, leaving only a ten minute gap for the zamboni to come out. Which means that more often than not, his team either took their sweet time walking towards the locker rooms, hoping to catch a glance of the figure skating team, or they were walking through the bleachers to get out of the arena, rather than taking the tunnel carefully carved out specifically for people to walk from the locker rooms to the doors without getting caught in the crowd in the bleachers. He, as captain of the team, felt an obligation to make sure they were all in check, and weren't distracting the figure skaters *too* much, since the figure skating coach was a lovely woman who he didn't want to get on the bad side of.

It's not like Puffy, the hockey coach, was any help either, since she was often found chatting the figure skating coach, Niki, up.

*Techno is surrounded by lovesick fools, and there's nothing he can do about it.*

Which is how he found himself resting against the bleachers, his breath fogging the plexiglass as he stood beside his team, waiting for the zamboni to be done so the figure skaters could come out. Punz had been raving about how they apparently got a new transfer on the team all day, and apparently, none of the team could bear to go get undressed before wanting to see the new recruit. Which means that there is a large group of boys standing in the only place surrounding the ice that has padding for their skates, in full hockey gear, watching the ice like a bunch of hawks.

Just as Techno was considering forcing the team to go get undressed, since his sweaty skin was starting to freeze while standing there, the zamboni had left, and Sapnap was commanding everyone to look at the ice. On the other side of the arena was the other set of locker rooms, usually for guest teams, but the figure skaters have one of them specifically reserved, and Techno could distantly see them walking closer.

He could hear the boys around him practically bursting with joy, sticking their faces so close to the plexiglass that he was scared they would somehow break it—even if he knows that's severely

unrealistic. Luckily for him, he was able to see over everyone's heads, perks of having great genes, which certainly didn't come from his short father, and being taller than everyone on the team—stronger, too, but he would never tell the team that. The figure skaters glided onto the ice in a flurry of colors, no one specific theme since Techno assumes they can wear whatever they want to practice. Everyone dispersed on the ice, breaking off into small groups in different places, but two were left in the middle. He could immediately recognize Coach Niki, her pink hair a stark difference to the white ice surrounding her, but he didn't know who the other person standing there was.

They had blond hair that looked soft to the touch, even this far away; a slim body with clear muscles evident through the skin tight clothing; and they were tall, significantly taller than Niki. He assumed that this was the transfer student, since by now, after suffering through the team watching the figure skaters one too many times, he's become well aware of the students on the team, and he's never seen this particular one. He could hear the excitement in the voices of his teammates around him, so he assumes that they've pinpointed the transfer too. He didn't know why they were so excited just because there was someone new, unless the guy was some nationally ranked skater, and everyone and their mothers knew who he was except for him.

That is, until the boy turned around, looking straight towards the hockey team.

Techno's always had pretty good eyesight, but he didn't truly know how blessed he was until this very moment. Even from so far away, he could make out tiny details on the boy's face, such as the tiny freckles covering the cheeks tinted red and the bridge of a tan nose, and the small scar on a sharp jaw. The boy was pretty enough as it is, but that was before Techno saw the bright emerald eyes, crinkled at the edges. Expressive eyes traveled across the hockey team, glancing at everyone individually, before moving towards Techno, emerald meeting ruby. Techno watched as the eyes traveled across his face, taking in everything, before moving back up to make eye contact. A smile grew on the boy's face, somehow making him even more beautiful, and Techno could see, out of the corner of his eye, refusing to break eye contact, the people around him gawking at the boy.

... Okay, *maybe* he could see where the rest of the team was coming from with their obsession with the figure skating team.

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Techno groaned as he walked through the entrance to the rink, taking in the lights that were already on. That meant that somebody else was here, at *six in the morning*, despite Techno informally claiming the space every morning before the rink was even open. Schlatt, the scary owner of the rink, had given Techno permission to use the ice even when it wasn't technically open, and even though he didn't know exactly why he got special treatment, he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. He grumbled as he walked towards the bench near one end of the ice, slipping his skates on before tying them, definitely too tight in his anger of his space being taken over. As he grabbed his stick and walked over to the door that led to the ice, he felt his anger completely dissipate once he saw just *who* was taking over his space.

The pretty figure skater, the transfer from who-knows-where, was gliding effortlessly across the ice on one leg, the other held up behind him by his arms, creating a circle behind him, and, for the first time, Techno wondered just how flexible figure skaters are.

He purposefully made a ruckus getting onto the ice, swinging the squeaky door open and clacking his stick against the boards, shutting the door behind him with a loud click. When he turned back around the face the ice, he was met with a sheepish boy slowly skating towards him, both feet planted on the ground and his arms held nervously in front of his chest. Techno stood there with

the blade of the stick resting on the ice, fighting the urge to blush as the boy stopped only feet in front of him, so close that Techno caught a whiff of some vanilla scent.

“I’m sorry,” The boy smiled awkwardly, and *damn, even his voice is pretty*, “I didn’t think that anyone else was going to be using the rink this early. I can leave if you want.” Techno shook his head immediately, probably appearing a little too desperate in front of the pretty boy, but he couldn’t care less as long as his words wiped the sheepish smile off the blond’s face.

“No, it’s fine, we can just split the ice. I’ll only be shootin’ anyway, I don’t need much space.” Techno watched as a blush grew on the boy’s face, his eyes darting from Techno’s to the ice, staring at the blue line only inches away from the toe of his skate. “I’m Techno, by the way.” The pinkette wiggled his hand out of the bulky hockey glove, holding it in between his arm and his torso as he thrust the now-bare hand out towards the boy, who shook it somewhat hesitantly, his body apparently preoccupied with gawking at him.

“*You’re* Techno? Like Technoblade? The captain of the hockey team?” Techno smirked at the awe in the boy’s voice, letting the hand go hesitantly before putting his glove back on. He didn’t know the pretty boy was a fan of his, but he’s definitely going to let it go to his ego. “Sylvee was telling me all about the team and how good the captain is, but I didn’t know you’d be both good *and* ho—” The boy cut himself off quickly, and Techno raised a questioning eyebrow, the smirk still on his face as the freckled cheeks grew pink. “I’m Dream.”

“Pretty.” He meant both the name and the boy’s... everything, but Dream didn’t have to know that. He doesn’t know where he got the confidence to say that from, but he quickly skated towards the bench before it wore off, grabbing the bucket of pucks before emptying it onto the ice. He could see Dream still standing in the same spot, staring at him, but he, against his own mind, ignored him in favor of moving the net from where it was propped up against the boards to the crease, where he stuck the rusty pegs into the ice before setting the goal on them, making sure it wouldn’t move as Techno was shooting. As he skated back towards where the mess of pucks was laying on the ice, he relished in the sight of Dream stretching, bending his body literally in half as he grabbed onto the space between the blade of his skate and the boot. He turned around to avoid embarrassing himself, grabbing a puck before sending it towards the goal.

At one point, after the two of them had been there for a while in comfortable silence, only the sound of the occasional puck against boards when Techno missed filling the air, a puck ricocheted off the crossbar, shooting off somewhere behind the pinkette. He had momentarily forgotten that another person was sharing the ice with him until the sound of the puck hitting something, effectively stopping it, filled the otherwise silent arena, shocking Techno out of his stupor. He quickly turned around to find Dream standing there, staring at the puck that had just hit his skate. “Oh, shoot, sorry.” Now it was Techno’s turn to sheepishly smile, skating over towards the boy before scooping the puck away from him with his stick.

“It’s okay, at least I didn’t step on it.” Dream sent a blinding smile towards Techno, who had to duck his head to block the boy from seeing the blush on his face. “Do you ever swear?” Techno raised his head to send a questioning look towards Dream, who didn’t look discouraged by the expression. “You said ‘shoot’ earlier like some kind of grandma, do you not swear?” Before Techno could defend himself, mainly just to stop himself from laughing, the blond continued. “Actually, I bet you replace swear words with hockey stuff. Like, ‘oh, puck,’ and ‘you stick,’ and the classic ‘H, E, double hockey sticks.’” Techno, despite the stupid joke, laughed at the blond’s words. He doesn’t think he’d laugh if anyone else said that, but clearly Dream is different from everyone else, and it’s totally not because Techno’s a simp.

“I swear sometimes, not typically, though.” Techno said once he calmed down, bathing in the

satisfied grin on Dream's face. "Now get back to your puckin' twirls." Now it was Dream's turn to laugh, a wheezing noise, that Techno didn't even know somebody could make, echoing through the arena. A smile grew on the pinkette's face, a soft one that was more mindless than anything, since Techno couldn't bear to focus on anything but the pretty laugh.

Alright, he can *definitely* understand the rest of the hockey team's obsession with figure skaters, but nobody can blame him, especially not if they were the cause of the pretty boy's laughter.

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Techno had been sitting on his team's bench, Puffy yelling at the skaters on the ice to "skate faster" and "pass the puck," when he noticed him. He supposed he should've been paying attention to the game, looking for weaknesses in the other team's players, but they were up 3-1 in the third period with four minutes left, so he gave himself a little leeway. He had been trying to locate his family, attempting to memorize what they had on so he could easily find them after the game, but his eyes had caught onto this horrific shade of green first. He looked up to the wearer of the ugly sweatshirt before promptly choking on the water he was chugging.

There, in the stands of *his* game, was Dream.

Apparently, once he noticed, everyone and their mothers did too, because suddenly Sapnap was pointing towards him, and Punz was leaning forward on the bench, and Sam was nudging George to look. Puffy was still preoccupied with the people actually on the ice, so she couldn't tell them off, and Techno didn't want them to know that he was in on their simping competition, so the boys on the bench continued to stare at the pretty boy instead of paying attention to the game. He could hear Sapnap saying something about Dream "being here for him," and Punz saying that he was going to find the boy after the game, and George choking on his water, but he stayed silent.

Before he could even react, two skaters were rushing towards the bench for a shift change, and Techno pulled Sapnap over the boards with him, desperate to both get his eyes away from Dream, and also to win this game. *Do you know how embarrassing it would be to lose a game when the person you're infatuated with is in the stands watching? Exactly.* Luckily for him, Sapnap reacted almost immediately, skating towards the puck with a passion only driven by the need to impress, and even if Techno wanted to roll his eyes at that, he's just glad the boy reacted on time, since the other team was currently rushing for their end. On top of wanting to win for Dream, Squid was on the opposing team, and Techno would eat his skate before he let the boy win.

In the end, Techno's team won, of course, courtesy of the pinkette scoring a goal with 26 seconds left on the clock, making their lead 4-1. Squid was glaring at him, but he could see Dream in the crowd, cheering amongst everyone else, so he really doesn't care what his rival has to say. When he tried to find the blond after the game, however, he was nowhere to be found in the crowds that swarmed the team. Techno sighed and swore—totally not one of the hockey swear words Dream made up a couple weeks ago, not at all—under his breath as he rested against the door to his room he had just locked, his eyes closed as he thought back to how Dream was looking solely at him when the game had ended and the arena erupted into cheers.

Maybe he'll have to pay the blond a visit at one of his shows, you know, to pay the favor back.

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As it turns out, trying to figure out when and where Dream's next show was going to be was harder than it sounds when he's trying to be inconspicuous, both to his team, who would probably kill him, and his family, who would be insufferable if they knew he was simping for someone. The university's website is a horrid place that is way too hard to navigate, so Techno had to buckle

down and talk to the one person he never thought he would have contact with.

Niki, figure skating coach galore, Puffy's probably-wife, and fellow pink hair enjoyer, Nihachu.

"Technoblade? Did you need help with something?" The boy had stopped the woman after her practice had ended and the figure skating team had gone to their locker room.

"I was- uh- wonderin' when your next show is? And where?" The smaller pinkette looked confused, but luckily didn't question Techno.

"It's this coming Friday at seven, right here, actually." The woman smiled politely, and Techno wondered if being associated with the figure skating team meant you had to be an angel—ask anyone from the hockey team and they'll say yes, very enthusiastically.

So, that's how Techno found himself sitting in the stands of the arena he's usually in the middle of, rubbing his hands together and cursing his past self for not wearing gloves—*you'd think after spending so much of his life in ice rinks, he would be smarter about how to be warm in them, but his mind was a bit preoccupied with a pretty blond boy when he was getting ready, so you really can't blame him*. The stands are significantly less full than they are during a hockey game, and Techno both loves it since he'll probably be noticed by Dream easier, and loathes it because he's sure the skaters look beautiful on the ice, and there aren't nearly enough people here to appreciate them.

As soon as he was about to start fiddling with some paper in the bag he brought, to take his mind off of Dream and everything about him, a voice came through the loudspeakers surrounding the arena, effectively capturing Techno's entire attention. They had announced the names of the competitors, and Techno's pathetic heart started rapidly beating from only hearing Dream's *name*.

Apparently, some god was listening to him and his struggles with focusing at the current moment, for it was announced that Dream was going to be performing first. He sat up straight in his seat, watching as the door in the boards opened, some song he doesn't recognize blaring through the loudspeakers. Out of the open door steps the most beautiful boy Techno's ever seen, wearing some skin tight green suit thing—he has no idea what he's saying because all he knows is that the blond looks mouthwatering, and he is completely and utterly puckered.

... What is Dream doing to him?

The entire routine feels like a fever dream, with the boy of Techno's dreams twisting and twirling around the ice, looking devastatingly beautiful. If Techno knew what any of the moves were called, he would be committing this routine to memory to look up and find how lesser people do it, but unfortunately, he has no idea what's happening. All he knows is that Dream looks beautiful, the people around him are watching in awe, and the blond grins as he holds the last pose. While he's standing there—waiting for what? Techno doesn't know—his eyes roam the arena. The pinkette waits with bated breath as emerald eyes get closer to him, sitting decently close to the ice, but high enough to get a good view, and when their eyes meet, Dream doesn't move his face.

The moment is broken by cheering, and both Dream and Techno glance towards the judges, the numbers on the signs they're holding up meaning nothing to the pinkette. Dream seems happy though, and that's all that matters. The blond skates off the ice, and Techno doesn't wait even a second before he's going through the tunnel that leads to the hallways under the stands, expertly directing himself to where that door in the boards leads to. Once he gets there, he finds Dream eagerly hugging Niki, comically large compared to the smaller woman. Techno waits near the edge and smiles at how happy the blond looks, until Niki notices him, smiling knowingly before releasing Dream, walking off towards where Techno assumes the rest of the figure skating team is.

When the blond finally notices him, his grin somehow widens, and he walks as far as he can without stepping on concrete.

"Techno! I didn't know you had any interest in figure skating." Techno smiles sheepishly in response, walking closer to Dream since the blond can't do the same while still being on his skates. He quickly rifles in his bag before he forgets what he put in there before the show, pulling the object out before thrusting it towards Dream. The blond looks at it with his eyebrows furrowed, but takes it anyway, inspecting it while he holds it carefully. "What's this?"

"An origami flower. I wanted to get you a real one, but you probably get a lot of those." The pinkette raised a hand to rub the back of his neck awkwardly, suddenly embarrassed about how wonky the flower looks. Dream is still holding it like it's the most precious thing he's ever seen, though, so he supposes it couldn't be *that* bad of a gift. "This is the first time I've ever been to one of these, and I didn't really know what was goin' on, but you looked really good."

Dream finally looked up from where he was staring at the flower, his eyes looking close to tears, but before Techno could freak out, the blond was gesturing for him to come closer. "Come here, I want to hug you." Techno followed the direction without hesitation, and if anyone from his team could see him now, once they got over their jealousy about the fact that Dream was hugging *him*, they would wonder why Techno's gone soft. Arms gripped onto Techno's torso, and he easily hugged back, savoring being this close to such a pretty person. Through his haze of happiness, he found it amusing how even with the extra inches the skates give Dream, he still only comes up to Techno's nose, and even though he has to strain a little bit, he manages to rest his head on top of golden hair. "Thank you, Techno, I love it."

*And I love you.* "You're welcome, nerd."

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"Techno, Phil says you have to bring me to the skatepark."

The pinkette rolls his eyes from where he sat on the couch, attempting to read. It was his own fault for deciding to spend the weekend at home while Tommy was still in his skateboarding phase, but to be fair, he had thought the kid would be over it by now. He doesn't want to be mean, but Tommy isn't exactly *good*; but he and Sapnap have some weird competition going on about who can be better, and now Techno is apparently being sucked into it.

"Fine, gremlin, go get your stuff."

The blond cheered when Techno told him that, and then was kicking his legs like he was six years old again on the ride there, and then immediately left the pinkette once they arrived at the skatepark. The older boy had settled down on one of the benches surrounding the bowl—see, he listens to Tommy's rambling *sometimes*, he knows a little bit about what he's looking at. Right when he was about to grab the book he had brought with him to try and pass the time, a flash of pink appeared in the corner of his vision, and when it didn't go away when he tucked his hair behind his ear, he raised his eyes to see what it was, and his breath practically got punched out of him.

There, standing on the edge of the bowl, seemingly ready to drop in, was Dream, wearing *a skirt*. Techno's sure his eyes must be popping out of his head at this point, but he's sure everyone around him had the same reaction, so you can't blame him for gawking. He moves his eyes down from the skirt, quickly skimming past his thighs so he doesn't stare for too long, before being met with pink roller skates. *That must've been the flash of pink, since Dream's skirt is black, and his sweater is green.* Techno could see green laces on the boot, suspiciously close to the color of the sweatshirt

Dream loves, and he silently marvels about how well their two colors match with each other.

It couldn't be practical to wear a skirt while roller skating, but he's not going to say anything.

Before Techno could even comprehend what was happening, Dream was dropping down into the bowl, gliding flawlessly from side to side, going up to the rim thingies—listen, Techno never said he listened *intently* when Tommy rambled on about the design of the skatepark, so sue him—and stopping briefly before dropping back in. He was as mesmerizing here as he was on the ice, and Techno wonders if it's the movement of the skates, or if Dream just has the ability to always be perfect.

He is so invested in watching the blond that he doesn't even notice Sapnap's shown up until a skateboard slowly glides past his feet, and he reluctantly pulls his eyes away from Dream to look towards where the skateboard came from, finding Sapnap lying straight down on the harsh ground. His head was turned towards the bowl, and Techno had no doubt that his eyes were watching Dream. If this happened in a game, Techno would be cursing Sapnap and everyone related to him for ruining the game, but right now, he lets himself laugh as the skateboard glides all the way to Tommy, hitting against the kid's ankles while he lets out an inhuman screech.

One second, Techno is laughing so hard that his eyes are closed, and the next, he's met with bare thighs right in his direct vision. His eyes widen as he realizes, from both the splatters of freckles and the flowy skirt, that it's *Dream's* thighs right in front of him. He quickly glanced up at the blond's face, which was already staring at his, a smug expression on his pretty face. If Dream wasn't so pretty, his smugness would annoy Techno, but the blond truly has every right to know the effect he has on other people. Before he could stutter something out for the blond, a new voice, which he recognized immediately as Punz's, was echoing across the skatepark. Apparently, Sapnap had notified the entire hockey team that Dream was here, because Techno can see groups of the team making their way to the skatepark from every direction, like they were zombies and someone—specifically, Dream—was their favorite meal.

He was brought out of his thoughts as he was suddenly being dragged somewhere by Dream, having to go significantly faster than he wanted to just to keep up with the blond, who still had his roller skates on. He was led to the back of a small shed, not refusing Dream, even if he didn't know why they were back here. He was pushed against the planks of the shed as Dream huddled close, resting his forehead against Techno's shoulder as he took deep breaths, giggling slightly at each exhale. Techno could hear the hockey team questioning where Dream went, and he has an inkling that this isn't the first time Dream's had to hide from rabid simps.

Before he could even react to the blond being basically plastered to the front of him, Dream was pulling away slightly, looking up into Techno's eyes with a bright smile on his face. "Hi." He can barely mutter a small "hallo" with the boy looking at him with those bright emerald eyes. "I didn't know you would be here today. If I did, I wouldn't wait to give you my gift." Techno raises his eyebrows at the blond, resisting the urge to touch the thin waist perfectly on display from the high waisted skirt. Dream apparently understood his confusion, for he spoke again, this time with a teasing voice. "I wanted to repay you for the flower you got me that one time, but I was going to wait, and I can't just give it to you now."

Techno was about to respond, hoping to reassure Dream that he didn't need to give him anything back, and also to try and worm out what this gift was, before a large group of teenage boys peered around the side of the shed the two boys were standing behind. Dream gave him one last grin before gliding away, the horde following him like they weren't one of the best college hockey teams in the country. Techno rolled his eyes, a smug smile on his face as he walked back to his spot. If Dream continues this favoritism of Techno, he might just have to dangle it over his

teammates' heads—sure, it'd be a little mean, but mainly funny, so he doesn't really care.

"Blade! I'm ready to go!"

Techno groaned at the child's voice, all happy thoughts from being with Dream leaving his mind as he focused on Tommy, *not like they wouldn't be back soon enough.*

It was another week until Techno found out what Dream's gift was.

During that week, Techno had spent more time with the hockey team than by himself, going over plays and tweaking minor problems, all preparing for the big championship game. They had made it this far, almost undefeated if it weren't for those two games where they got unlucky, and now all they had to do was beat one more team, and then they're the national champions. It's extremely nerve wracking for Techno to not only be on the team, but also the *captain*, since the responsibility of their success lies heavily on his shoulders.

Now, he finds himself sitting on the bench, chugging water as he watches his team chase the puck down, looking sluggish. The buzzer announcing the end of the second period was a life saver, and Techno took one last look at the scoreboard, the 2-1, not in their favor, fluorescent numbers haunting his vision, as he left the bench with his team. The mood in the locker room was tense, and Techno wasn't sure if he wanted the zamboni to hurry up so he could leave the thick atmosphere, or if he wanted it to slow down so he could have more time to think of what to say.

Puffy was trying her best to boost the morale, but even she couldn't get everyone's spirits up. Techno could only think of one thing that would get the team to play like they would die if they lost, but he didn't exactly want to lie. Seeing Sapnap, probably the most fiery player on the team, looking so downtrodden, was the final straw for Techno. "Did you guys see Dream in the stands?" A few heads perked up, and Techno only winced internally at the untrue words he was saying. He wouldn't be surprised if Dream was *somewhere* in the stands, but he hasn't seen the blond yet, and apparently nobody else has either. "Yeah, he's sittin' over near the scoreboard last I checked, and you wouldn't want to lose with him watchin', would you?" Does this count as some form of manipulation? Maybe. Does he care? No.

The mood of the entire team had lifted dramatically by the time they were leaving the locker room, with everyone hitting each other's pads with their sticks, whoops filling the air around them as they walked back to the ice. Techno spent the time they stood waiting for the ref to open the door looking for Dream, relaxing his shoulders instantly once he finally caught sight of him, smiling softly under his helmet as he saw the blond grinning at him. He nudged Sapnap, pointing a gloved finger towards Dream, huffing amusedly when the black haired boy started rapidly hitting Punz's shoulder, pointing towards Dream. Once the third period had finally started, the entire team was pumped up, and Techno was confident.

For good reason, too. The game had ended with a final score of 4-2, and even though his eardrums felt like they broke from the amount of cheering his team was doing, he couldn't stop smiling. People from the crowd started swarming onto the ice, apparently not caring for the fact that they could slip any second. Techno was being tugged into side hugs and getting patted on the back more times than he could count, but his entire focus was on the pretty blond quickly making his way towards him.

"Techno! You did it!" The boy was practically screaming, which is probably the only way Techno would be able to hear what he was saying over the ruckus of everyone surrounding the two of them. The two had to stand as close as they could without Techno stepping on Dream's toes, and

even though the pinkette had to crane his neck down dramatically due to the extra height the skates gave him, there isn't anywhere else he wanted to be. "Do you want your gift now?"

Techno immediately nodded his head, but it didn't look like Dream was hiding anything in his hands, so what could this gift possibly be? Warm hands rose to hold onto Techno's cheeks, easily accessible due to his helmet laying somewhere on the ice around them, and *oh, suddenly the fact that he isn't carrying any "gift" makes sense*. Before Techno could even think, warm lips were pressed to his own, and his now-gloveless hands immediately grappled to Dream's waist, gripping the skin as he melted into the kiss. His neck was craning, and there were too many people around, but Techno didn't care, and based on the smile breaking their kiss, Dream didn't either.

"What the fuck?!"

"Oh, you traitor."

"Haha, Dream, funny joke, now come kiss me."

The two pulled away and Techno looked over to the three boys who spoke: George, Sapnap, and Punz respectfully. The three looked heartbroken, and Techno laughed at the expression while Dream placed a small kiss on Punz's cheek, who literally fell boneless against Sapnap, who fell against George, who struggled to hold the two up. While he was laughing, Dream took the time to walk back to him, tugging his head down by a hand gripping his shoulder pads. He felt a breath against his ear and clammed up, his laughter stopping abruptly as Dream spoke. "How about we go celebrate somewhere more private, huh? Maybe I'll even get my skirt out."

Techno has never taken his equipment off as quickly as he had at that moment, and he doesn't think he ever will in the future, but can you really blame him? If you're one of Techno's teammates who was glaring at him in the locker room the entire time he got undressed, then maybe you can, but who's going to be going home to an empty bed? Exactly.

There's a lot of reasons Techno loves hockey, but the best reason by far is the fact that it introduced him to Dream, which is truly better than any championship he could've ever won.

## End Notes

thank you lov3wh1t3r0s3 for the idea

also my twitter is: [scout\\_eki](#) !!

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